

STYLES FOR WOMEN

What'll Be Done in This Glad Year Now On

GOWNS, SACKS AND CLOAKS

Society on Tiptoe—It Whirls—For Pleasure, for Courtesy, for Charity's Sake—Cottillon Leadership.

Society just now is going the pace. To be in the swim means literally to keep yourself in tea. Excessively amiable women make some pretense of drinking since cups in as many houses in course of one afternoon. There are tea of all sorts—musical, benevolent, artistic—semi-political even. No celebrity, man or woman, escapes; neither do plain, ordinary gentlefolks. One modest, much-sought young man who had half-raised himself with the messenger service in accepting or declining invitations has met society's scourge by



WITH AND WITHOUT HER CLOAK.

using Uncle Sam's post for such purposes. Even then the cost is something to consider—quite enough to keep him in steam with an occasional theater ticket. But of that he does not complain. Various and sundry hostesses have crossed him off their lists, and he says rejoicing that now really he may have time to get on in his profession.

Which is distinctly what Society with the large S does not allow. The man who aspires to lead must give his whole mind to it, a la Brummel and his tie. A notable cottillon leader, who, it was thought, would make some figure at the law, said to me as he began to loom large on the social horizon: "My profession? I gave that up months ago. Society is a profession arduous enough for any man—that is if he expects to be more than a mere lay figure."

Verily he has his reward. He has wedded within the year the handsome divorcee of three seasons—and the two, it is thought, will live happy ever after—since her bank account is as deep as a well, her tolerance wide as a barn door. Returning to our mittens, the tea of tea, is not the daintiest— which is at best a sort of unripe and melancholy ball, where there are barely men enough to make the rooming-club members miserable—but the small select affair from four to six, to which only the cream of the cream of your acquaintance are bidden, and where all the world's wife and daughter wears distinctly her smartest gown. The hostess and her assistants wear tea-gowns or full dress. Here are a few costumes noted within the last week—



WORK BY THE BIRD.

about the recurrent holidays, with dim, dark, and so on, here are particularly thinned the crop of tea. Hostess number one, one of these many blondes who have usually the eyes of a dove and the temper of a mule, wore the tea-gown here illustrated. It is of dull blue silk, plush lined throughout with the softest rich cream satin, the loose fronts falling over a very graceful folded vest of light pale blue China crepe, inside of which creamy antique lace came high about the throat. Excessively full jabots of the same lace came down each front, narrowing to a point below the waist and falling in a deep cape at the back and over the shoulders. The pretty girl who peered tea—one of the guests' most promising buds—was all too humbly gowned, or would have been had not her glowing brunette coloring warmed into life the gray cloth and velvet costume that was a miracle of style. The back was cut princess and seamless till it reached the velvet side-forms that were prolonged into deep skirts. Gray silk cord outlined all the seams. The lapping front had one deep veeer outlined with a line of white, the narrowest possible edge. A wonderful cascade of jonquil yellow came close under the young woman's dimpled chin, and took away all hardness from her scheme of color. Without it the brown fur and gray color

might have lacked harmony. Indeed, though it is impossible this season to have too much fur, you can very easily make a mess of your garments if you do not understand the right thing for the right place. Cloth and fur must either match or harmonize. That is what makes moulton so favorite a trimming with the best tailors. It can be dyed almost any shade, and is soft and becoming in them all.

Nobody could doubt that after seeing the young woman whose counterfeit presentment appears in the third figure, most guests left their wrags in the vestibule. She floated in a fiery angel, in blazet cloth very elaborately applique with dusky brown velvet, all up the skirt, at whose foot there was a border of moulton quite ten inches deep. It had sleeves and upper waist of spangled crimson velvet. For the neck they were hidden under a deep cape of moulton, with yoke and collar of applique matching the skirt—and in front long pleats of the cloth falling quite to the foot.

Other gowns were of the brocade, old and new, about which I wrote last week. Still others of bengaline, in pale, delicate shades sitting very trim and close, but stylish world without end. A particularly fetching one was of rose leaf silk combined with old-rose velvet and trimmed around the foot of the skirt up the tapering front and about the neck with the beautiful glossy dark brown mink tail—next sable, the costliest and choicest of all garments. The wearer was the handsomest and certainly the best liked of last autumn's brides—a woman whose future is as rosy as her dress. Just beyond her stood a tall, olive-skinned woman, magnificent in a trained skirt of black and blue brocade, with a long coat of light blue cloth, relieved by a vest of the softest cream pink and jabots of rich coffee yellow lace. Another—all brocade—was old rose, with pompadour bouquets in pale blue. The big, high-shouldered sleeves made two very full puffs between shoulder and elbow, where they ended in three deep frills, each lined with pale blue. A lace under sleeve was drawn about the wrist with pink and blue ribbons. The fronts turned back from a deep, sharply-pointed lace stomacher, down which were set three graduated blue and pink bows.

Indeed, not for years, if ever, has dress been at once so individual, so picturesque, so full of richness, grace



AT AN AFTERNOON TEA.

and color. Fur and lace are the dominant notes of costume, combined with embroidery, passementerie and bead fringes, whose like the world has never seen. If you doubt it, take these notes of a few gowns that have figured at the Patriarcha, the swell dancing classes, even the charity ball—though that last function was not fully up to the mark of other days.

A bride of last summer, just back from Paris, was magnificently simple in about midre of the palest green and pink, brocade all over with lines of fine gold. The skirt was perfectly plain, without an exquisitely cut gored train. The short sleeves tight beneath stood high and puffy on top of the shoulder. A corset of rich passementerie covered the low waist from bust to hip, outlined either side with jeweled galon in pale green, pale pink and gold. Her fan was of shaded pink feathers mounted on green pearl. Pink shoes wrought with gold and pale green stockings covered her small feet, the bouquet was a loose bunch of pale pink roses set in a glistening greenish tulle and tied with shot ribbon matching the gown ground. Her dearest friend and rival wore a princess gown very close and clinging of daffodil yellow satin, draped diagonally from shoulder to waist both back and front with a wide brocade shawl in Louis XVI colors upon a delicate gray-blue ground.

This crosswise sash drapery is really the thing to give cachet of high fashion in evening gowns. Mrs. Bradley Morton notably affects it, using it as a background for her wonderful array of jewels, which it is said only two other Americans can outshine. They are Mrs. William Astor and Mrs. Frank Leslie-Wilde, who, by the way, has had many of her most magnificent ones reset into suns and stars and true love knots, that are all one of mountains of light.

New stationery has a very decided color. There are pinks and heliotropes and blue-grays that absolutely demand white ink. But only extremists—people who must be conspicuous or nothing—make use of them. The best people, though, sanction the new extra long envelopes with flap three-quarters its own width. The paper called *four fange* has a pattern of flowers and foliage in the faintest dawa-pink all over its surface. It is beautiful to look at. To write on it might tempt you to "let yourself down into poetry." After that editors will naturally discourage the sale of it.

ELLEN OSBORN.



THE BOSTON STORE

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JANUARY 19, 1892.

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Our entire range of BLACK and COLORED DRESS SILKS, Silk Velvets and Plushes are reduced to the lowest point, and the choicest pieces and patterns will close very rapidly.

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BLANKETS AND COMFORTERS.—The public will find the present a fine opportunity to buy Blankets and Comforters. The prices on these goods are reduced to about the ratio we have made on our Cloak stock, (and that is pretty sweeping.) Prints and Gingham are at keen reductions.

GLOVES.—We have a small stock of partially damaged and soiled Gloves (that shall close) at nominal figures.

RIBBONS.—Our entire stock of ribbons are marked at specially reduced prices (that shall close) winter shades.

FURS.—Our stock of Fur Capes will be divided into a very few special lots and run out at extraordinarily low prices. Muffs marked to closing prices.

MILLINERY.—We have done a very large business in Millinery this season and our stock of winter goods is now quite low. What is remaining of Trimmed Hats, Ribbons, Feathers, Plumes, Felts, etc., will be closed out at great reductions previous to the 19th. Ladies will find great bargains (in this department.)

SPECIAL NOTICE!

We extend to our great army of patrons our heartiest wishes for a happy and prosperous New Year, 1892. We have under consideration vast extensions and improvements to our already large store; these extensions will probably be carried out in the early spring and when completed will make the Boston Store of Grand Rapids one of the great Bazaars of the country. Every effort shall be made in organization, system and discipline to make the house the people's popular trading mart for a great section of country in Michigan. When completed an enormous stock of Dry Goods, including every range of qualities, will be opened for spring. We have made arrangements to bring out a monthly periodical of fashions containing the latest on European and American fashions. Our first issue will appear March 1st and will be distributed to our customers or mailed to any address on application. Our great sale for the immediate reduction of winter stock is an occasion very seldom offered and should meet with an enormous patronage.

SATURDAY BARGAINS WILL BE IMPORTANT. EVERYTHING STRICTLY AS REPRESENTED.

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